Vulnus

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Vulnus

by thescienceofshipping

Summary

When Will is wounded while out on the field he discovers just what the personal care of Dr. Lecter really entails.

He lifted the glass up, and put the straw to Will's lips. Just when the chapped pink lips were about to close around the straw Hannibal pulled it away. "Just because you are injured does not give you a reason to be rude, Will."
Will had to think for a minute before sputtering out his thanks. Hannibal only smiled, and gave him back the straw.
"Everything I give you for now on, I would like to be thanked for. Do you understand, Will?"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Looking back to the beginning Will could almost imagine that it was Hannibal who arranged the shot. After all Hannibal controlled everything, so why was it that he could not have been behind the stray bullet that bit into Will's stomach when he went into a poorly closed off crime scene? Because if the bullet was not arranged by Hannibal, then the only other explanation was that God himself hated Will.

And the only thing worse than being loved by the devil was being hated by God.

Whispers. That was the first thing he heard when he woke up. A sweet cloying voice was in a hushed argument with the deeply accented voice Will had come to associate with strength.

"You can't take him to your home, Hannibal. Will needs to be put into a psychiatric hospital when he wakes up."

"Our dear Will needs a more personal touch. He trusts me. He will allow me to care for him."

"You're too close to the situation. He needs nonpartisan care."

"I plan to care for Will to the best of my ability. He will do well."

Will heard a sigh, and felt a hand card through his hair before he lost consciousness again.

The next time Will woke up his eyes opened. As if on cue Hannibal rose from the chair on the side of the bed, so that he could see him without straining himself. Will suddenly realized that Hannibal was holding his hand.

"You're awake," Hannibal said.

It took Will several tries to open his mouth. Several more to make words come out. "Where am I?"

"You are in the hospital. You were shot while on a case that the local police had not properly secured. The suspect was still on the grounds when you arrived. The bullet narrowly missed your heart." The suspect was dead from a single shot by Jack Crawford. The policemen were dead by Hannibal's knife.

Will tried to look down, but found that his head could not move. Hannibal brushed a stray curl out of Will's hair. "You have been in a coma for the past several days. The FBI had you

in a shared room, but I arranged for you to be transferred here."

"My dogs," Will managed to mutter, trailing off. Hannibal had to suppress a chuckle.

"Safe with Alana. They will be staying there for the foreseeable future while you convalesce."

In the addled state of Will's mind he accepted it. Alana was always good with dogs. He realized that Hannibal was still talking, and he forced himself to listen.

"- the dullards argued, but the judge ruled in my favor. I am very disappointed in how the Bureau deals with injuries caused on their own agents from preventable mistakes."

Will tried to furrow him brow, but the medication he was on made it hard to control his expression. But Hannibal understood. Hannibal always understood.

"Since you have no living next of kin, the FBI tried to take over with subpar treatment. I have petitioned the court to take over your care, and they have ruled to allow me power of attorney, and control over your treatment."

To Will this made sense. Of course, his kind and caring physiatrist would take over his care. He was the closest he had to a friend after all.

Hannibal continued. "You will be released to my custody tomorrow, and we shall be going back to my home. I will take care of everything."

Will felt assured. He knew that Hannibal would take care of him. His eyes flickered shut again, and the last thing he felt was the ghost of a kiss on his forehead.

Things moved quickly in the hospital when Hannibal Lecter was arranging it. Will remembered waiting twelve hours in an emergency room as a boy when he broke his ankle on the playground. Eventually his father brought him home, and set the ankle himself.

Hannibal was given a heavy stack of prescriptions, and a box of medical necessities. Even in his drugged state Will wondered why no one was asking him questions, or requesting signatures. But every time he tried to speak Hannibal would shush him and take care of everything.

Will had forgotten that he was allergic to pineapple, but Hannibal seemed to be all knowing.

He was being given something for pain, before being lifted into a gurney. He passed out as he was lifted into the medical transport van, and woke when he was being carried into Hannibal's mansion.

"Ah, Will. How good to see you up. Welcome home," Hannibal said with a trace of a smile. He walked up the stairs in front of the EMTs, and supervised them as they put Will into a hospital room that looked out of place in the dark wood, old world style of the room. Even the sheets on the plastic mattress were made of fine silk.

The EMTs left shortly after, and Hannibal and Will were left alone. Hannibal fluffed a pillow, and put it behind Will's head so that he could better sit up. "They have been feeding you from IVs, but I would like to try something by mouth. Will you try to drink a light smoothie for me, Will?"

Will nodded listlessly. If Hannibal thought he could do it then he would try. Hannibal retreated downstairs, and brought it up minutes later.

"I have put powdered vitamins into it, so that you will not have to swallow as many pills." He could make conversation in any situation.

He lifted the glass up, and put the straw to Will's lips. Just when the chapped pink lips were about to close around the straw Hannibal pulled it away.

"Just because you are injured does not give you a reason to be rude, Will." Will had to think for a minute before sputtering out his thanks.Hannibal only smiled, and gave him back the straw.

"Everything I give you for now on, I would like to be thanked for. Do you understand, Will?"

And Will could only hum around his straw.

After the smoothie Hannibal dimmed the lights, and showed Will a buzzer attached to his bed.

"I will be back in an hour to change your bandages. Try to rest till then, but if you need me press this button. I will be alerted, and I will come to take care of anything you might need."

"Alright," Will croaked.

Hannibal looked at him, and frowned. "I have given you a way to contact me. What do you say?"

Will was confused, but he didn't want to argue. He was still drugged, and who was he to argue against the only person who cared for him.

"Thank you, Hannibal."

Hannibal's smile returned, and he uncapped a syringe. "Good boy. This will help you to rest."

Will felt a needle piercing his skin, and then there was nothing.

Chapter 2

He woke to Hannibal taking off the bloodied bandages that covered his chest. “Hello, Will,” Hannibal said. He cut the bandages away, and deposited them into a biohazard bag. The wound still had dried blood above it, and he began to carefully wipe it away.

Will flinched at the cold water. “Hurts, Hannibal,” he whined.

“You are not due for your next morphine dose for another hour. You will have to hold on until then.” Hannibal put a hand on Will’s forehead gauging if he had a fever. He frowned slightly. “Your temperature is slightly elevated.” From the bedside table he drew out a thermometer, and put it into Will’s mouth.

100.2. Not horrible by any stretch of the word, but still rising. “A slight fever. I’ll prepare some tea.” Hannibal went downstairs, and brewed a strong cup of ginger tea. So strong that Will would not notice the light dose of the hallucinogenic that he put in.

Will had tried to sit up in bed, but had ultimately been forced to wait for Dr. Lecter to adjust his position. Hannibal entered the room with a delicate teacup on a matching china plate.

“This will help your fever,” Hannibal said, sitting down besides Will. He waited to hear the words.

“Thank you, Dr. Lecter,” Will croaked.

Hannibal smiled slightly, and held Will up so that he could drink the tea.

When it was done he carefully lay him back down, and waited for the hallucinogenic to take effect.

It hardly took half an hour before it began.

Will’s vision was beginning to get a bit fuzzy, and his mind felt strange. “Dr. Lecter? I feel strange.”

“It is from the pain. You will get your morphine soon, Will. I do not want you to become reliant on the medicine.”

To Will it had felt like days since he had last had the blissful relief that the needle brought. He let out a pitiful whimper as another shot of pain went through his body.

“Shush, dear Will. You must be patient,” Hannibal said, smoothing Will’s hair. He had given him a light dose that would last for about an hour. And once the effects of the laced tea began to leave Will’s body, he would give him his medication.

But only if he asked nicely.

The clip-clop of hooves against hardwood was the first thing Will heard. “Hannibal,” he said weakly. “There’s something outside.”

Hannibal had a notebook propped in his lap to take notes. One must always have proper documentation.

“Describe what you are experiencing, Will. Do you hear something?”

The noise was increasing now. The beast was getting closer.

“Can’t you hear it,” Will asked, terrified. His face was wet with sweat, and his eyes darted erratically.

“No, I am afraid I do not. That is why I need you to describe precisely what is happening.”

The hooves stopped, and Will watched in growing horror as the mighty raven stag dropped his mighty head, and went into the room.

Will stared at the empty space. “It’s here."

Hannibal could see nothing but air. “What is here, Will? Speak to me?.

Will began to say the words again. Over and over. “It’s here. It’s here.”

He fell into deep unconsciousness before Hannibal could ask him again.

Hannibal gave his unconscious charge a shot of morphine, and then went to his office to right his notes in relative silence. He had a camera in the guest room with a live stream to his laptop.

Patient exhibited signs of fright and anxiety when given light dose of lysergic acid diethylamide in tea cup. Spoke of something outside of the house, and hearing a noise that could not be heard by myself. Before falling unconscious patient said, “It’s here.” Will ask what it was he saw when he awakes.

Hannibal closed his leather bound notebook, and put it back into the false bottom of his upper right desk drawer. There was no reason for anyone but himself to see his private notes on his favorite patient.

Chapter 3

“Hannibal.” It was the first word on Will’s lips when he awoke. A pink tongue darted out between chapped lips to moisten them. “Hannibal.”

Hannibal was there besides Will as had become his custom. He had taken a temporary leave of absence from his work. Once Will was trained then he would return to his patients. He hoped that he would learn quickly.

“Yes, William,” Hannibal replied, as he moved into Will’s line of sight.

Will felt more lucid. The effects of the morphine were still lingering, and he felt no pain. “What happened last night?” He had snatches of memory, but nothing concrete.

Hannibal met Will’s eyes. One of the many things he enjoyed about having him in his current state was that Will could not attempt to avoid eye contact. “Your fever spiked, and you began to hallucinate. Do you recall what you experienced?”

A weak shake of the head. Hannibal tsked.

“A pity. Your mental state should be as closely monitored as your physical one.” He got up from his seat, and stood over Will. “You are far overdue for a bath. I will give you one if you ask politely.”

Will didn’t want Hannibal to see him nude. He knew logically that the man must have seen him naked at some point when inserting the catheter, but bathing him was something almost intimate. But the desire for the sweat that caked his body to be gone overruled any protests he might have made.

“Please give me a bath, Hannibal. I want to be clean.”

Hannibal nodded approvingly. Will was learning.

“Very well, then. Give me one moment.”

He retreated to the ensuite bathroom where a tub was turned on. When Hannibal returned he was snapped on a pair of latex gloves.

“We will have to remove the catheter for the time being. I will replace it after your bath.”

At this Will protested.

“No! I mean, do you have to? Can’t I do it?”

Hannibal shook his head. “William, you hardly have any strength. Removing a catheter is a delicate procedure, which I am happy to do for you. You forget that I was a doctor.”

He lifted up the blanket that covered Will's body. And for the first time he realized he was nude.

"Hannibal, please," Will begged. He was on the verge of tears. The devastation, and humiliation of the last few days had begun to catch up to him.

Hannibal tsked, and began to unhook the catheter from its tubing. "There is no reason to cry. This is a routine task." He allowed his hand to rest on Will's length for a moment before he took the end. "Now stay very still."

Will gasped at the pressure, as it was pulled out at a steady pace.

"Almost done," Hannibal said to his patient. "See, there is very little pain. How was I supposed to wash you properly with this inside of you?"

The catheter finally popped out, and Hannibal put it inside of a medical basin to be cleaned later alongside his gloves. Will let out a broken sob as Hannibal wiped a tissue over the tip of his cock. "All done. Now what do you say?"

Will looked up at Hannibal with tear stained cheeks. Was he supposed to thank Dr. Lecter for the humiliation that had been so thoroughly drawn out? But then it was a medical procedure. And Will could not very well have taken it out on his own.

"Thank you, Hannibal," Will said under his breath.

Hannibal hid a smile.

It shouldn't have surprised Will as much as it did when Hannibal carried him bridal style, and lowered him into a half filled bath of perfectly warm water. Concealed behind tailor cut suits, and French cuffed shirts was considerable strength.

Strength gained in equal part from a regular swim routine, and carrying bodies.

Hannibal lay out each of Will's limbs as if he was a doll, and took a sponge from the rim of the tub.

"You're going to give me a sponge bath," Will asked with a smirk. Because if he did not smirk then he would cry.

"Indeed, I am. The scent of the hospital still clings to you along with those more natural." Hannibal did not mind the scent that Will had. He quite enjoyed it, in fact. But the sterile scent of the hospital overwhelmed that sweet smell.

"This is a scentless soap for gentle skin. It should not hurt you."

Hannibal first began to clean Will's arms, back, and chest, though he pointedly ignored the wound for the time being. Legs were sponged off, but his cock was remained untouched.

Will's eyes slipped closed as Hannibal cleaned his hands and feet. His face was washed thoroughly, and his hair was cleaned with a soft smelling shampoo and a conditioner. It was almost enough to make him forget the humiliation of the catheters removal.

Hannibal cleaned off the sponge. "Now would you like me to clean your genitalia next or your wound?"

Will's eyes snapped open. "What?"

The doctor repeated his question.

He thought to argue, but the fact was that he could hardly move his body that had become so blissfully relaxed. And his wound needed cleaning, as well as his cock and balls. It was humiliating, but at least Dr. Lecter was giving him a choice in the matter.

"My wound." Hannibal nodded, and carefully washed away the sweat and spots of dried blood. Will flinched a bit from the pain, but he was distracted by the lull of Hannibal's voice as he described what he was doing in a low voice.

"And now your genitalia." Before Will could argue Hannibal had replaced the sponge with a cloth (so that he may better clean it, he would argue), and had taken Will's cock in hand. He stroked it slowly. It was shorter then his own, and slimmer too.

Then when Will could not think of a way he could become more embaressed his cock began to harden, as Hannibal cleaned his balls.

Hannibal looked down at the lengthening thing. "Well, what do we have here?" He began to clean Will's cock again.

"Stop," Will managed to sputter out. He had no idea why Hannibal was playing with him in such a way.

"This is a good sign, William. A healthy libido means a healthy mind and body. I apologize for not taking care of this sooner." Hannibal pressed his thumb to the slit on Will's cock, eliciting a groan. "But I will make it part of your daily schedule for now on."

Will's eyes were squeezed shut. He hoped that it was just a bad dream, and that he would wake up back in the hospital bed.

But Will never was one to have his wishes come true.

When Hannibal knew Will was at the edge he slipped a finger into Will's tightly puckered hole. "Come for me," he demanded.

He screamed, and came into Hannibal's hand. No one had ever touched Will there before.

Will cried as Hannibal turned around, and licked the sweet release from his fingers.

Chapter 4

Will was a mess as Hannibal finished dried him off, and carried him back to bed. “I’ll change the sheets after your nap,” Hannibal said, as he tucked the blankets around his patient’s nude form. He had given no reason or explanation for what he had just done.

Will tried to bury his head into the pillows. He was too weak for an honest suicide attempt, but perhaps he could suffocate himself to death.

He did not want to live in a world where the only person who had ever genuinely cared for him would stoop so low as to molest him.

Hannibal gently lifted Will’s head, and wiped away his tears with a monogrammed handkerchief.

“Why would you do that to me,” he finally said. His very voice sounded heart broken, and a fresh wave a sobs wracked his body.

Hannibal tsked, and pulled Will into a hug careful not to put too much pressure on his wounds. “My poor boy,” he murmured into his ear

I’m not a boy, Will thought. *And I’m not yours.*

His tears subsided eventually, and Hannibal gently lowered him back down. Will repeated his question.

And Hannibal only gave Will a hint of a smile as he cleaned off his tear drenched face.

“Because, I love you.”

Will could only stare up at Hannibal in growing horror. “You love me.”

Hannibal chuckled. “The bullet did not affect your hearing, dear Will.”

Will struggled to come to terms with what he had just learned. Another time and place he would have accepted Hannibal’s advances. Would have easily lost himself to a world of dinner parties, and operas. He would have been glad to have finally found the one person who could love him.

But not now. Not after what Hannibal had done.

“You molested me,” Will said, his voice taking on a tone of anger and accusation.

“I offered you release while taking care of a bodily function.”

Will let out an incredulous laugh. Hannibal was insane. A pervert and insane.

“I want to call Alana. If you think I’m going to stay here after what you did then you’re more deluded than I thought.”

Hannibal only kept a steely look on Will. “You will be doing no such thing. I have control over your medical decisions, and as such you will be recuperating under my sole care.”

“Then I’ll leave as soon as I can move on my own.”

“Do not expect that for a while yet, William. I have proper instruments to keep unruly patients in their place.” He stood up, and brushed off nonexistent dust from his suit. “Now, I will go prepare dinner. Try to rest while I am gone.”

Will was thinking up a rebuttal, but by the time he could vocalize it Hannibal was gone.

Will couldn’t sleep. Or more to the point he refused to. The last thing he needed was for Hannibal to come across him in an unconscious state. He was vulnerable enough already.

Hannibal knocked twice on the door out of courtesy, and then walked into the room holding a tray laden with food and drink. “You didn’t rest,” he said. It was obvious to him that Will was struggling to remain awake.

Will frowned. The food looked good, but he would not beg for it. He would show Hannibal that he could not be forced to bend to his will.

“Are you hungry?”

Will did not answer.

Hannibal asked the question again. “I won’t beg,” Will declared. “Or thank you.”

His captor raised an eyebrow, and put the tray down on the bedside table, just out of reach.

“I won’t ask you for that, Will. At least not now.” No Hannibal had something else he would take.

“Instead I simply ask for a kiss.”

End Notes

Come say hello at hannigramismydesign.tumblr.com! I am taking Hannigram and Spacedog fic requests.
More tags will be added.

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